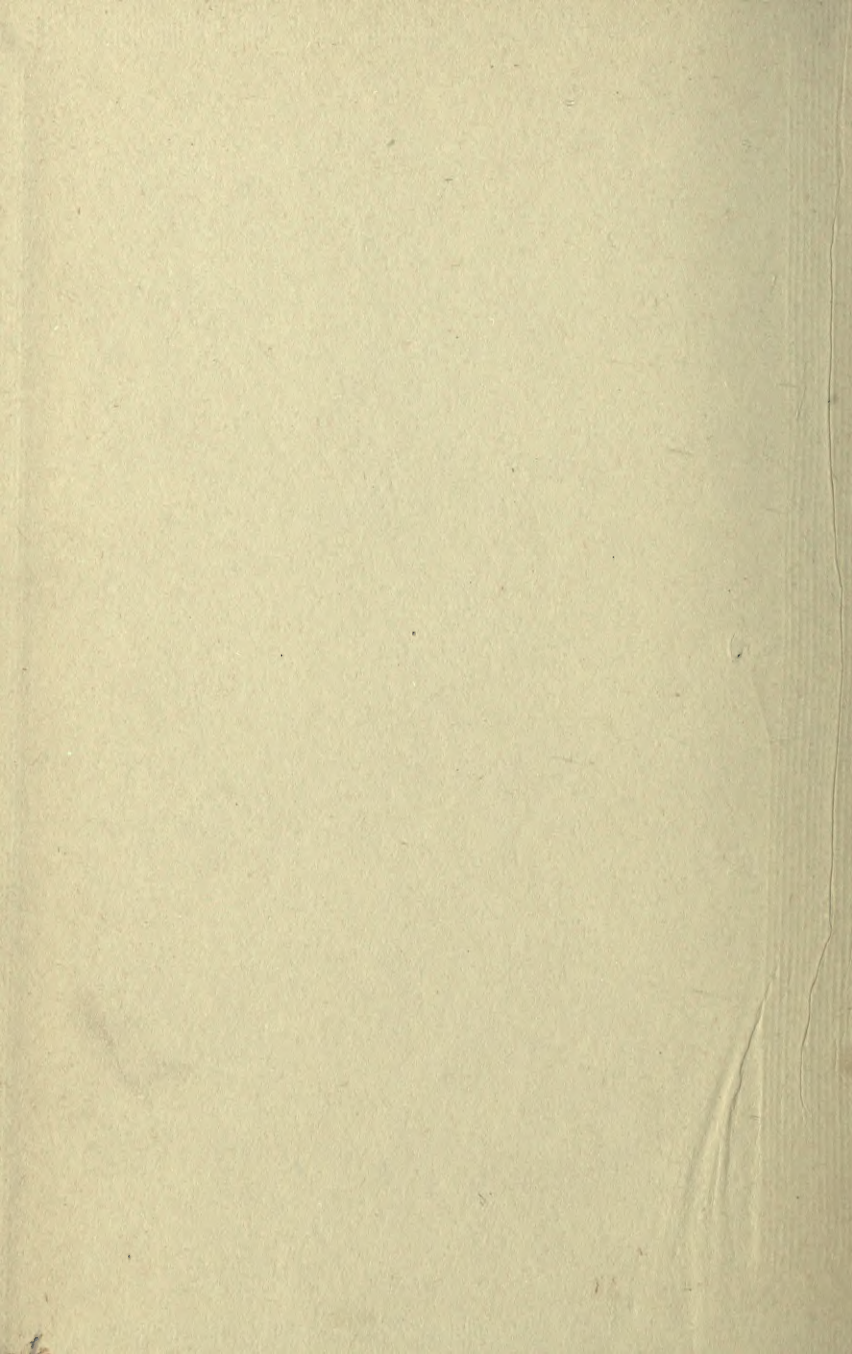



War Time Poems
and
Heart Songs

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Isabella B. Watson





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THE AUTHOR IN HER GARDEN

There's a spot so dear to me,
Where, beneath a shady tree,
So oft I sit in happy summer days ;
Where the sunshine on me beams,
As I sit and dream my dreams,
And listen to the birds' sweet, tuneful lays.

WAR TIME POEMS
AND
HEART SONGS

BY
ISABELLA B. WATSON

TORONTO :
WILLIAM BRIGGS

1918

PS
8545-
A84W3



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by Isabella B. Watson.

Dedicated
to the Memory of
My Father

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WAR TIME POEMS

OUR MOTHERLAND IS CALLING.

Dedicated to Field-Marshal Lord Roberts.

OUR Motherland is calling
Her sons from o'er the sea,
Our soldiers brave are falling,
Fighting 'gainst tyranny.

Her sons will not stand idly by,
They're hast'ning to her aid,
For Motherland they'll fight or die,
They'll face the gun and blade.

Tho' might may for a time prevail,
As in the ages past,
United Empires cannot fail,
Right will o'ercome at last.

Our British motto e'er has been,
To succor the opprest,
For justice, honor, reign supreme
In ev'ry Briton's breast.

When with our boys we're call'd to part,
Tears may bedim the eye;
But loyal fervor thrills the heart—
We know they'll do or die.

May God protect our soldiers brave,
Who so united stand;
They'd proudly fill a hero's grave
For King and Motherland.

ANSWER TO THE MOTHERLAND'S CALL.

WE sons have answered the Motherland's call,
True to the old flag, whatever befall,
To conquer her foes united we'll stand,
Fighting for Empire and dear Motherland.

Our cause is a just one; we cannot fail;
The strife may be long, but right will prevail.
On battlefield we our duty will do,
Aye trusting in God to carry us through.

If honor and justice our watchwords be,
We'll conquer our foes by land or by sea;
We'll vanquish oppression, liberty bring,
Then through our Empire will Victory's song
ring.

We must haste away, loud the trumpets call;
We'll guard the old flag whatever befall.
For God and for King united we'll stand,
Fighting for Empire and dear Motherland.

**A TRIBUTE TO THE LATE LORD
ROBERTS.**

O'ER the sea lies my warrior brave,
There sleeps my hero dear;
Oh, that I could weep o'er his grave,
Or kneel beside his bier.
A Nation mourns thee, dear, brave heart,
Our Empire's staunchest friend;
Ah, we were loath with thee to part,
We loved thee to the end.

Faithful to God and King through life,
Take now thy well-earned rest;
Thy Master called thee from the strife—
He knoweth what is best.
Our idol thou, dear, dauntless heart,
Alas, now cold and still;
While from our eyes the sad tears start,
We bow before God's will.

Fit closing scene to thy career,
A loving sacrifice;
Surrounded by thy soldiers dear
Thou entered Paradise.

Within the sound of booming gun
Thy glorious sun went down;
Thy last great battle fought and won,
Thou gained the victor's crown.

We'll miss thy cheer, thy counsel wise,
At this dark per'lous time;
But thou wilt watch us from the skies
Till bells of vict'ry chime.
Still thou wilt live within each heart,
And still our souls inspire
To loyal deeds, to do our part
With patriotic fire.

With fragrant flowers around thy bier,
And honors on thy breast,
Around thee draped our flag so dear,
We leave thee to thy rest.
Farewell, farewell, my hero dear,
Farewell, my warrior brave;
'Twas ne'er my joy to greet thee here—
We'll meet beyond the grave.

“MY HIGHLAND LAD.”

My Highland lad has said good-bye,
My heart is full of pain;
The days to me will weary be
Till he returns again.
He has obeyed his country's call,
E'en though my heart be sad,
And tears will fall, I'm proud withal
Of my brave Highland lad.

I know he will his duty do,
And bravely face the foe;
Though far from me, my heart will be
With him where'er he go.
Would I were near, with words of cheer,
To make his dear heart glad;
I'm far away, and can but pray
For my brave Highland lad.

Oh! God be near my lad so dear,
Save him from shot and shell;
Keep watch o'er him, 'mid battle's din,
For oh! I love him well.
And when this cruel war is o'er,
Make Thou my lone heart glad;
I plead with Thee, bring back to me
My dear, brave Highland lad.

“OUR SOLDIER LAD.”

LAST night we met to say good-bye
To our dear soldier lad.
The tears still glisten in my eye—
Ah! how could I be glad.
He's going far across the sea,
To unknown dangers there;
Lord, we commit him now to Thee,
We leave him in Thy care.

He heard and answered duty's call,
In honor's cause he'll fight;
And firm he'll stand, or bravely fall,
In noble ranks of right.
Our hearts will ever be with him
When he is far away;
Our eyes will oft with tears grow dim,
As we kneel down to pray.

Oh! guard him, Lord, be Thou his shield,
Save him from shot and shell;
Watch o'er him on the battlefield,
For oh! we love him well.
And when at last the war is o'er,
Make Thou our lone hearts glad,
And grant that we may meet once more
Our dear, brave soldier lad.

“A HAPPY RECRUIT.”

To be a soldier brave and true
’Twas ever my desire;
I’m of the bulldog breed, and full
Of patriotic fire.
When war broke out I felt it was
My duty to enlist;
To fight for King and Country I
The call could not resist.

So off I went to join the ranks,
My spirits high and bright;
They turned me down, and coolly said,
“My man, you’re not the height.”
But was I daunted? No, not I;
I’m full of grit, you see;
But I was more determined still
That in the ranks I’d be.

And now a unit has been formed
For just such men as I,
Who, though not regulation height,
Will dare to do or die.

And since I joined this regiment
I'm happy as can be,
For I'm convinced a soldier's life
Is just the life for me.

Then three cheers for the Bantam boys,
Hurrah, and three cheers more;
We're brave of heart, we'll do our part,
We're loyal to the core.
And though we are in inches short,
For that we're not to blame;
We'll face and fight foes twice our height,
For to the heels we're game.

We're eager just to reach the front,
The fighting to begin;
When we get there we'll do our share,
Then onward to Berlin.
Now, boys who for the lack of height,
Have been turned down before,
If feeling fit to do your bit,
Come, join the Bantam Corps.

“THE A. R.”

**WE sing about the “soldier brave,”
And of the “jolly tar”;
I sing now of the man who wears
The button marked “A. R.”**

**He’s worthy of our deep respect;
I honor him, don’t you?
For he has proved himself to be
To King and Country true.**

**Whatever else this brave man lacks,
His heart, at least, is right,
And he has done his very best
To get into the fight.**

**What must he feel when comrades dear
Go marching off to war,
And he is left behind to view
The battle from afar.**

And when he reads of victories won,
In which he fain would share,
He thinks of all he would have done
If only he'd been there.

Now brave A. R.'s, don't be downcast,
Though you're not in the fray,
For here at home we need staunch hearts
To keep the foe at bay.

On shirkers we could ne'er depend,
In danger's hour they'd quit;
Your button means, "Aye Ready" at
All times to do "your bit."

**"J. RODERICK MONTGOMERY
SCHOALES."**

*Who died for King and Country, 19th October, 1915,
on his twentieth birthday.*

AH me! Ah me! My heart is sad,
I cannot stay my tears,
For he is dead, our soldier lad,
The lad we loved for years.

It seems but yesterday he played
Around our cottage door;
Now in his narrow bed he's laid,
On earth we'll meet no more.

He heard his King and Country's call,
And gladly he obeyed;
For our dear flag surrendered all,
The sacrifice he paid.

With glad, bright smile he said good-bye,
So fearless and so brave,
In youthful bloom went forth to die;
He fills a hero's grave.

That joy, alas! can ne'er be ours,
In that far-distant land,
To strew his lonely grave with flowers,
Or tend with loving hand.

"Somewhere in France," far o'er the sea,
Our dear young hero sleeps;
While here, in silent agony,
A gentle mother weeps.

Though dear he was to her fond heart,
Her hope, her pride and joy,
For Empire's sake she did her part,
And gave her only boy.

Now he has joined the ranks above,
And, free from every care,
He sings the songs of peace and love
In those bright realms up there.

In life we loved thee, dear, bright lad,
In death we love thee more;
Some day our sad hearts will be glad,
When parting is no more.

Farewell, farewell, sweet be thy rest,
Far from a world of pain;
In yonder Mansions of the Blest
We know we'll meet again.

A LETTER FROM THE FRONT.

My mother dear, I feel so old,
I'm twenty years to-day;
You know that since the war began
I've been here in the fray;
And I'm a little weary now
Of battle's din and glare.
I wonder when the other boys
Will come and do their share.

I'm sick and wounded, mother dear,
I've done my very best;
I'm glad just for a little while
To lie down here and rest.
To tell you all that I have seen
At present I forbear,
But I can say I passed through hell
The day I did my share.

Oh, when we made that awful charge,
Through fire and hail of lead,
So many of my comrades dear
Were numbered with the dead.
I prayed that God would bring me through;
He heard my little prayer,
And answered me, for I am spared
To do another share.

And when I'm fit again I must
Back to the trenches go;
For we, you know, need every man
To crush our cruel foe.
You know, for dear old Britain's sake,
I everything would dare,
To guard our flag. Oh, tell the boys
To come and do their share.

My mother dear, now don't you fret,
If my words give you pain,
For God, who brought me through before
Can bring me through again.
So good-bye, mother, till we meet,
I leave you in God's care;
But don't forget to tell the boys
To come and do their share.

Oh, may the flag we love so well
For ever o'er us wave.
Go forth, dear men, and do your part,
And fight, our flag to save.
We could not brook a foreign flag,
Nor foreign yoke could bear;
Oh, in this fight for Justice, Right,
Be men, and do your share.

EDITH CAVELL.

IN face of death she knew no fear,
She heard "the Master's voice"
So softly calling, "I am here,
Fear not, rejoice, rejoice."

With steadfast gaze went to her doom,
Of shrinking showed no trace,
For, shining yonder through the gloom,
She saw the Master's face.

Supreme and glorious sacrifice
In noble cause to make;
With glad smile looking to the skies,
She died for England's sake.

The flag she loved so well she pinned
Upon her gentle breast;
Those dear, brave eyes in death are dimmed,
But ah! how sweet her rest.

Those hands that tended foe and friend,
Alas, now passive lie;
But though her loved work's at an end,
Her name shall never die.

Edith Cavell, thy glorious name
In history will go down;
On earth thou won a deathless fame,
In heaven thou gained a crown.

Thy spirit brave calls to our men
(No longer need we plead);
On snow-white steed it beckons them,
And will to vict'ry lead.

"I'M A MAN SINCE I JOINED THE ARMY."

I'VE joined the noble ranks of the gallant Eighty-
first,

A corps of men so true and so brave;
I will in ranks of Right, for King and Country
fight,
And soon we'll sail across the ocean wave.

For dear old Britain's sake and the flag we love
so well,

I everything will do and will dare;
For justice and for right I will forever fight,
I'll be a man and I will do my share.

Our leader's tried and true, and has oft been
under fire;

He'll lead us, with his sword flashing high,
Right to the field of gore, where he has been
before,

We'll follow him, and there we'll do or die.

We'll never cease to fight till we crush the great
war lord; a

We'll never, no, we'll never give in; b
Till Belgium is restored we'll fight the German
horde, a

Then on we'll march in triumph to Berlin. b

The trip across the sea no terrors has for me, a

No foe in the world could alarm me; a

I'm feeling fine and fit, I'm off to do my bit, b

I'm a man since I joined the army. a

“HOW I BECAME A MAN.”

OH! quite a dude I used to be,
My suits were “latest styles,”
And just to get a “tippy hat”
I’ve travelled miles and miles.
On hats and suits, silk ties and socks,
I now have placed a ban,
And since I joined the army, why,
I feel that I’m a man.

I was in love, and my sweet girl
An angel seemed to be;
One day on bended knee I asked
If she would marry me.
She answered, “Marry you! Oh, no,
I never, never can,
Until you don a khaki suit
And prove yourself a man.”

And so I promptly joined the ranks,
And soon I’ll face the foe;
My sweet girl made a man of me
The day she answered, “No.”
When I am on the firing line
I’ll do the best I can
To prove to all the world that I
Can be and am a man.

“THE GALLANT STAY-AT-HOMES.”

You all know of the gallant braves, who shout
and sing,

“We’ll never let the old flag fall”;
The world will never with their deeds of valor
ring,
For they’ll never obey the call.

At home they talk about the war and battlefield,
Of what they’d do if they were there;
How they would not surrender, they would never
yield,
But will they go and do their share?

And while our brothers fight to guard the dear
old flag,
Secure at home the flag they wave,
Talk of the fame and glory of the dear old rag,
But will they fight the flag to save?

Defending boasters such as these, must our men
die,

We women here in sorrow weep
That our beloved ones on battlefield must lie,
Far o'er the sea, sleep their last sleep?

These craven ones who nothing do in cause of
Right

Will live to hang their heads in shame;
God bless our noble soldier boys, who bravely
fight
To uphold dear old Britain's fame.

In our beloved Empire's cause I raise my voice,
When will the laggards wake, oh when!
In sorrow, mothers, weep no more; rejoice,
rejoice,
That your sons were heroes and men.

“MY HIGHLAND LAD.”—II.

TO-DAY I had a letter from
My gallant Highland lad ;
Though once more he's been wounded, still
His dear, braye heart is glad.

Though o'er the sea in France he lies,
With gunshot wound in chest,
Yet cheerily he writes, “Thank God,
I've earned a little rest.

“'Twas while we stormed a German trench
I got this knockout blow,
But soon I will be well, and then,
Back to the fight must go.”

'Tis well-nigh eight and twenty months
Since my lad marched to war ;
In many battles he has fought,
And each has left a scar.

A boy of eighteen he went forth,
He's now scarce twenty-one;
But he has played a manly part,
His duty bravely done.

Oh, is it right that but a few
Our Empire should defend?
From war-worn heroes comes the call
That we more men must send.

I see the shirkers on the street,
I see them everywhere;
Our weary men now bleed and die—
What do these cowards care?

Though time and oft my sad tears flow,
I'm proud withal, and glad
No craven heart beats in the breast
Of my brave Highland lad.

“ONLY A BUTTON FROM MY DEAR LAD’S
COAT.”

’Tis only a button from my dear lad’s coat,
He gave me when he said good-bye.
With his parting kiss my dear lad gave me this;
I’ll keep it till the day I die.
My brave soldier lad obeyed his country’s call,
And crossed the sea to face the foe;
Every hour and day, for my dear lad I pray,
God keep him safe where’er he go.

I’m lonely and sad now since he said good-bye;
Yet, though my lad is dear to me,
I would not he’d stay, when duty called away,
But ever true to him I’ll be.
So oft in my dreams a vision comes to me,
Ah! then my heart forgets its pain;
Coming home to me, my hero brave I see,
To clasp me in his arms again.

DEATH OF LORD KITCHENER.

OH! can it be that he is dead,
Our valiant soldier, warrior brave;
Oh! can it be that he now lies
Beneath the cold and surging wave.

A nation mourns his loss, and we
On fiendish foes lay all the blame;
This crime is but another blot
Upon their foul, dishonored name.

We're now like ship with rudder gone,
Adrift, at mercy of the tide;
But we will not discouraged be,
For God will ever be our guide.

We'll miss our dauntless martial chief,
Ah! we deplore his tragic end;
Oh cruel fate, to overtake
Our king and Empire's staunchest friend.

Ah! life for him was earnest, real,
Until his very latest breath,
To duty's call, in Empire's weal,
Aye, faithful even unto death.

He is not dead ; such men ne'er die ;
Our inspiration he will be ;
We'll still fight on, his spirit brave
Will lead us on to victory.

But we must crush our cruel foe
Ere we the songs of triumph sing.
Rise, men, your duty do, and go,
The standard raise, " For God and King."

.

Farewell, our honored warrior brave,
O'er thy lone grave we ne'er can weep ;
The wild waves now a requiem sing
O'er thy brave heart in ocean deep.
Farewell, farewell, ah ! fain would we
Lay honors on thy faithful breast.
Thy labor's o'er, thy duty's done,
For God has called thee to thy rest.

LINES TO G. H. W.

"A Soldier in France."

OUR Postie to-day brought a letter to me,
From a dear soldier lad far over the sea;
And though I've ne'er seen him, ne'er met him
before,
I know he's a lad that's true to the core.

I know he's brave-hearted, with plenty of grit,
For "somewhere in France" he's doing his bit;
He's fighting for you, he's fighting for me,
God bless him and keep him, wherever he be.

Oh! guard him, dear Lord, and be Thou his shield,
Amid all the dangers of fierce battlefield;
Spare him to come home, and grant me the joy
Of meeting, some day, this brave soldier boy.

Oh! hasten the day when the war will be o'er,
We're longing to see our loved ones once more;
Dear brave soldier lads, our hearts are with you,
We're praying that God will carry you through.

Our cause is a just one, we cannot fail;
The strife may be long, but Right will prevail.
Then courage, brave lads, whatever betide,
We'll win in this war, for God's on our side.

TO OUR COMRADES O'ER THE SEA.

Dedicated to Lieut.-Colonel Burton, 216th Battalion.

WE'RE coming, comrades, coming,
We'll soon be over there,
To keep the old flag flying, boys,
We everything will dare.
We're coming, comrades, coming,
From Canada's fair shore,
And soon we'll sail across the sea
With Burton's gallant corps.

We heard the call of Motherland,
We sons obeyed the call,
To vanquish all her treach'rous foes
We'll bravely fight or fall.
To guard the flag we love, we'll face
The battle's din and glare,
And in this fight for justice, right,
We boys will do our share.

In Britain's cause we'll fight, and win
Fresh laurels for her name;
Uphold our king and Empire's might,
Her honor and her fame.
Our leader's trusty, brave and true,
On him we can rely;
We'll follow him where'er he leads,
And there we'll do or die.

A MESSAGE TO OUR DEAR SOLDIER BOYS.

OH! how we love you, our dear soldier boys,
For us you have left your home and its joys;
For us so bravely have taken your stand,
That we might be safe in our belov'd land.

We owe you a debt we can never repay;
For us you are paying the price day by day;
Our hearts in gratitude go out to you,
Dear, brave soldier lads, so good and so true.

In spirit we're with you; we fain would be near
To speak kindly words of courage and cheer.
Though distance divides us, dear lads, o'er the
 sea,
Our hearts are with you, wherever you be.

By night and by day our thoughts are of you,
We're trusting in God to bring you safe through.
We want you to know that, though far away,
For you, lads, we ever earnestly pray.

That He will be near you and keep you from
harm,
Uphold you with His Everlasting Arm;
And when 'mid the strife on grim battlefield,
May He be your guard, your strength, and your
shield.

Oh! may he protect you from shot and from
shell;
He knoweth, dear lads, we love you so well;
May God keep you safe till your duty is done,
The last battle fought and the victory won.

Our hearts will be glad, and forget parting pain,
When once more we meet you, our dear lads,
again;
That day will be full of heavenly joys,
When we welcome home our brave soldier boys.

Dear lads, for that day, that bright, happy day,
We patiently wait and longingly pray.
And now, as we leave you in God's loving care,
We ask Him to bless you and answer our prayer.

"A FLOWER FROM THE BATTLEFIELD."

'Tis but a wee flower, a wee, withered flower,
From my soldier lad o'er the sea,
But it comes from the far-off battlefield
With a message of love to me.

Sweet flowerets, like gleams of hope to our men,
So far from their homes and home joys,
God planted you near the trenches to cheer
The hearts of our dear soldier boys.

My wee withered flower from "Somewhere in
France,"
So fondly will I cherish you,
Till once more I meet, and joyfully greet,
My dear soldier lad brave and true.

Dear sweet little flower, though withered you are,
My bosom your haven will be,
And safe you will rest on this faithful breast,
Till my hero comes home to me.

“PRAY NOW.”

OH! if you have never prayed before,

Pray now.

Pray for the victims of German hate,
Pray that we never may share their fate;
The need for prayer was never so great.

Pray now.

Pray that soon we may crush the foe,

Pray now.

The world with their awful frightfulness teems.
Pray we may dispel their world power dreams,
Pray God to frustrate their plots and schemes.

Pray now.

Pray without ceasing, earnestly pray,

Pray now.

Pray for the sad ones in sorrow's night,
Pray for the cause in which we fight,
Oh! pray that God will defend the right.

Pray now.

Pray through the days, pray through the hours,
Pray while o'er us the war cloud lowers;
Oh! pray that victory soon will be ours.

Pray now.

Pray that more men their duty will do,

Pray now.

Their cribs of ease may they now forsake,

Their place with our boys in the trenches take,

Oh! pray that the laggards may soon awake.

Pray now.

Pray for our sailors and glorious fleet,

Pray now.

How faithfully they their lone vigils keep,

E'er guarding our shores, e'en while we sleep;

Oh! pray for our boys on the mighty deep,

Pray now.

Pray for our soldiers everywhere,

Pray now.

Pray for our boys on the battlefield

Who now the sword of justice wield;

Oh! pray that God will be their shield,

Pray now.

Pray for our king and Empire's weal,

Pray now.

That Britain's power may ever increase,

Pray that her vigilance never may cease;

Oh! pray that we win a lasting peace.

Pray now.

“WE’LL STILL FIGHT ON.”

No peace or safety can we know
Until we crush our treach’rous foe;
And till we lay the tyrant low
 We’ll still fight on.

E’en though our best blood flow in streams,
We must dispel his world power dreams;
To frustrate all his plots and schemes
 We’ll still fight on.

Our cause we know is right and just,
On us this cruel war he thrust;
Until he’s humbled in the dust
 We’ll still fight on.

For us, no transient peace or rest
Till freed are those by him opprest;
Till every wrong has been redressed
 We’ll still fight on.

No more by him we’ll be deceived,
For, “till our purpose is achieved,”
And wreck and ruin are retrieved,
 We’ll still fight on.

No, "we shall never sheathe the sword
Till outraged nations are restored";
Till vanquished is the great war lord,
We'll still fight on.

Must dear loved ones have died in vain,
And lone hearts suffered endless pain?
Ah, no! our duty stands out plain,
We must fight on.

O God! arise now in Thy might,
Grant us the vict'ry in this fight,
Uphold us as we strive for right,
And still fight on.

Do Thou, O Lord, our strength increase;
E'en while we yearn for strife to cease,
We know to win a lasting peace,
We must fight on.

“SUNNY JIM.”

LAST night, as I the paper read,
And scanned the “Honor Roll,”
A name I saw that brought a pang
Of anguish to my soul.

“It cannot be our lad,” I cried,
My eyes with tears grew dim;
Alas! ’tis he; no more on earth
We’ll meet dear “Sunny Jim.”

He “died of wounds” away in France,
Far from his dear loved ones,
His spirit took its flight amid
The sound of booming guns.
But six months since he marched away,
So full of life and vim;
We little thought we then had seen
The last of “Sunny Jim.”

Beloved he was by one and all,
So winning was his smile,
His heart was tender, kind and true,
And free from every guile.

In honor's cause he fought and died
On battlefield so grim;
For us he nobly paid the price,
Dear, faithful "Sunny Jim."

The day he came to say good-bye,
My heart was full of pain;
"May God be with you, dear," I said,
"Until we meet again."
Though our brave lad from us has gone,
We know he's safe with Him,
Some day on yonder shore we'll meet
Our hero, "Sunny Jim."

“MY HIGHLAND LAD.”—III.

THE days to me seem dark and drear,
I lonely am and sad;
My heart is o'er the sea in France,
With my brave Highland lad.
'Tis nigh three years since duty called,
And parted us in twain;
I never more can gladness know
Till he returns again.

I'm weary, weary waiting here,
Would I were by his side;
'Twould be a joy to share his lot,
Whatever might betide.
Ah! fain would I be near him now,
To make his dear heart glad;
Oh! shall I ever meet again
My bonnie Highland lad?

A button and a badge he sent,
From coat and cap he wore,
One tragic day, he wounded lay
On Flanders' field of gore.

These souv'nirs are so dear to me
Nor wealth of mine could buy;
I treasure them with pride, e'en while
I sadly o'er them sigh.

Now thrice my lad has wounded been,
Again he's in the fray;
And through the anxious hours and days
With trembling lips I pray.
O God, watch o'er my dear, brave lad
Until his duty's done,
And grant that we may meet with joy
At last, when vict'ry's won.

“CANADA TO MOTHERLAND.”

DEAR Motherland, we're with thee
In these dark, stressful days;
We gladly share thy burdens
The while we sing thy praise.

Thy sons have heard thee calling,
Have answered to thy call,
And o'er the sea have hastened
For thee to fight or fall.

Though foes may strive to crush thee,
As in the days of yore,
Thou still wilt rise victorious
And greater than before.

To keep the old flag flying
We everything will dare;
With thee, in cause of justice,
Thy sons will do their share.

With thee we bleed and suffer,
For thee we man the guns,
To thee we give our noblest,
Our dearest, best-loved ones.

Ah! sacred ties now bind us
To thee, dear Motherland;
And naught shall e'er divide us,
United we will stand.

And in the face of traitors
Our answer now we fling,
That we are one with Britain
And loyal to our king.

God bless our British Empire,
And all for which we stand;
God bless the bonds that bind us
To thee, dear Motherland.

“TO THE SHIRKERS.”

DON'T you hear your brothers calling,
From the blood-stained battlefield?
They, though war-worn now and weary,
Still the sword of justice wield.
Bravely they marched forth to battle
At the first loud clarion call;
Trusting God they went, resolving
They would firmly stand or fall.

Still they're fighting, aye, and dying,
With their faces to the foe;
Safe at home, in ease, you linger,
Time it is for you to go.
Still the Motherland is calling,
Calling you to join her sons;
They long since have round her rallied,
You she calls to man the guns.

Is it that you're craven cowards,
That you do not lend your aid,
That you do not with your brothers
Face the foemen's gun and blade?

Long enough have you been shirking,
Is it that you do not care?
Oh! awake, the need is pressing,
Do your duty, do your share.

In the cause of freedom, justice,
What more noble cause could be?
Come, be men, and join our heroes
In the fight 'gainst tyranny.
Don't you hear your brothers calling,
From the trenches o'er the sea,
"Come and help us in the conflict,
Help us win the victory."

“OUR COLONEL.”

O HAVE you seen our Colonel,
The man we boys adore,
Our brave and handsome Colonel of
The gallant U. A. Corps.

He's one of Scotia's noblest sons
From o'er the ocean wave,
The land of men both brave and true,
The bravest of the brave.

And when we see him on parade,
His sword hung by his side,
The medals on his manly chest,
Our hearts are full of pride.

But still he makes us toe the line,
Scans us with eagle eye;
We boys must all look spick and span
As we go marching by.

To be a credit to the corps,
We do the best we can;
And to maintain the standard is
The aim of every man.

Good luck to our brave Colonel,
The man we boys adore;
God bless our gallant Colonel and
The gallant U. A. Corps.

“MY BOYS.”

I HAVE two boys, two soldier boys,
And dear they are to me;
Of manhood they are perfect types,
And brave as brave can be.

There's Will, a Scotchman, leal and true,
So winning in his way;
And Cliff, a true-born Englishman,
So gallant and so gay.

Two loyal sons of Britain are
These dear boys I adore,
And they are both lieutenants in
The Royal Flying Corps.

A corps of every one picked men,
The bravest of the brave;
And soon they'll leave this peaceful shore
And cross the ocean wave.

To fight in cause of liberty,
And crush our cruel foe,
One heart at least will follow them
Wherever they may go.

And when at last they say good-bye,
And cross the stormy main,
I'll pray that God will keep them safe
Till they return again.

"A WAR-WORN SOLDIER'S REVERIE."

THERE'S a place far o'er the sea
That's so very dear to me,
And oh! to-night I'm longing to be there;
But that joy can ne'er be mine
While I'm on the firing line,
But God, I trust, will hear my yearning prayer.

I can hear above the guns
The dear voices of loved ones,
My wife and kiddies calling are for me,
But to them I cannot go,
Till we crush our cruel foe,
Till in this fight we've gained the victory.

Though we pray for war to cease
We must win a lasting peace,
Our sacrifices must not be in vain;
But when vict'ry's joy-bells ring,
And the triumph song we sing,
We hope to meet our dear loved ones again.

When at last the war is won,
And my duty I have done,
With joy I'll sail for Canada's fair shore;
Oh! how glad my heart will be,
When my home again I see,
And clasp my dear ones in my arms once more.

CAPTAIN GILBERT EDWARDS.

*Killed in Action, September 11, 1917, "Somewhere
in France."*

FULL in his prime by death assailed,
Our trusty friend of many years;
Sincerely is his loss bewailed,
His fate our hearts with sorrow sears.

He heard the call of Motherland,
And gladly he obeyed the call,
And went, resolving firm to stand
In ranks of Right, or bravely fall.

With cheery smile he said good-bye,
Went forth the bravest of the brave;
Alas! alas! went forth to die,
And now he fills a hero's grave.

Supreme and glorious sacrifice
In great and noble cause to make;
He with his life's blood paid the price,
And fought and died for freedom's sake.

With loving hand 'twill ne'er be ours,
Through all the lonely, weary years,
To tend or strew his grave with flowers,
Or water with our sad, sad tears.

"Somewhere in France," far o'er the sea,
Our hero sleeps his last long sleep,
While here in sorrow's night, ah me!
A mother and a sister weep.

Dear soldier brave, sweet be thy rest,
Thy labor's o'er, thy duty's done;
Within the "Mansions of the Blest"
We know that thou a place hast won.

On earth we'll greet thee never more,
Since thou hast reached the realms unseen,
But, till we meet on yonder shore,
We'll ever keep thy memory green.

“MY ONLY SON.”

HE sailed away, so blithe and gay,
From Canada's fair shore,
A gallant young lieutenant of
The Royal Flying Corps.
A stripling tall, with hair so fair,
And eyes of azure blue,
A ray of sunshine in his smile,
A heart both brave and true.

He waved his hand in last farewell
From off the crowded deck;
I watched the ship, until it seemed
Out on the sea a speck.
And then, ah me! I stood alone,
Bereft of him, my joy;
When shall I ever see again
My boy, my bonnie boy.

E'en though my tears are falling fast,
My heart is proud withal,
For well I know in ranks of Right
He'll bravely stand or fall.

And though I lonely am and sad,
Now, since he went away,
I daily at the Throne of Grace
So earnestly will pray.

O God, be Thou his Guard and Guide,
Until his duty's done;
Then home to me in safety bring
My son, my only son.

“HAPPY JACK.”

FROM Scotia's shore there came to me
A dear, wee kilted lad of three;
For smiling he possessed a knack,
And so we called him “Happy Jack.”

His cheeks were rosy, fair his hair,
Blue eyes, and such a manly air;
The sweetest songs to me he'd sing,
And gladness to my lone heart bring.

This dear, wee lad, so blithe and gay,
Would time and oft “at soldiers” play,
Or when he “marched” down street with me
A “captain brave” he'd always be.

Years passed; he went to distant clime,
To study music so sublime;
He sang the dear old songs so rare,
In tenor sweet beyond compare.

With pride I'd listen to his voice,
And many with me would rejoice;
This heart of mine he held in thrall;
Ah! he to me was all in all.

When war broke out, mute was his lyre,
He burned with "patriotic fire";
Long since he sailed across the sea
To fight in cause of liberty.

I'm lonely since he went away;
And oh! how earnestly I pray
That God will bring my hero back,
So dear to me is "Happy Jack."

“A PRAYER.”

LORD, watch o'er my boy to-night,
On the distant battlefield ;
And when dawns the morning light,
Be Thou still his stay and shield.
By his side be in the strife,
May he feel Thy presence near ;
If it please Thee, spare his life,
He to me, Lord, is so dear.

If Thou be his Guard and Guide,
Then to him can come no harm ;
He is safe, whate'er betide,
If encircled by Thine arm.
Oft-times he must lonely be,
Far from home and dear loved ones ;
Keep his mind, Lord, stayed on Thee,
E'en amid the booming guns.

When the battle rages long,
Grant that he may firmly stand ;
In Thy strength he will be strong
If Thou hold him by the hand.
Lord, when victory is won,
And at last the war is o'er,
When my hero's duty's done,
Grant that we may meet once more.

“ THE BRITISH VICTORY.”

HARK! the bells are gaily ringing,
Over land and over sea,
Praise to God we now are singing
For this glorious victory.
Come, join in the song of triumph,
And with gladness raise your voice
In a grand, united chorus,
Let us one and all rejoice.

God bless all our gallant heroes
Who have under His command
Brought this triumph to our forces,
Guided by His mighty hand.
Cheered are all our drooping spirits,
We will now fresh courage take,
For we know that God is with us,
And He never will forsake.

Now we will not faint or falter,
Onward still we'll bravely go,
Onward in the cause of justice
Till we lay the tyrant low.
Send, oh! send on reinforcements
To our brave boys overseas;
Hasten to their aid, oh! hasten,
Help them win fresh victories.

“CANADA AND MOTHERLAND.”

DEAR Canada, dear Canada,
Thy skies are ever blue,
And mighty are thy lakes and falls,
Thy people staunch and true.
I love thee, dear adopted land,
Kind hast thou been to me,
Sweet land of hope and bright sunshine,
My heart beats true to thee.

But still I miss the homeland scenes,
The dark blue rolling sea,
The mountains, glens, and heath-clad hills,
The brier and hawthorn tree.
I miss full oft the mavis song,
The lark's joy-trill at morn,
The cuckoo calling from the woods,
The corncrake from the corn.

Land of my birth, dear Motherland,
Oh, shall I ne'er more see
The dear scenes of my childhood's days,
My heart still yearns for thee.
It may be, when life's journey's o'er,
My restless spirit, free,
Will wander to the old homeland,
Forever dear to me.

“TILL DEATH US PART.”

OH! happy day of bright sunshine
That made me thine, forever thine;
Forsaking all, I cleave to thee,
True to my plighted troth I'll be.

Forsaking all, without a sigh,
Like happy bird to thee I fly,
And nestle in thy bosom, dear,
Without a doubt, without a fear.

I'll cherish thee in sickness, health,
Though poor my lot, though vast my wealth,
Come weal or woe, whate'er betide,
We'll share it all, dear, side by side.

Now thou art mine, forever mine,
And I am thine, forever thine,
Thine every pulse of my fond heart,
Forever thine, till death us part.

“TO MY FRIEND,”

M. W. G. P.

How fleeting are life's pleasures,
How lasting is life's pain;
'Tis joy to meet a kindred soul,
But sad to part again.

The happy hours I spent with you,
That sweet, bright day in June,
Will never be forgot, dear friend;
They passed, alas, too soon.

Your cheery welcome gladdened me,
And made my heart rejoice;
A joy it was to clasp your hand,
To hear your kindly voice.

It grieved me so to say good-bye,
But best of friends must part;
Fond memories of the day we met
Will live within my heart.

Until we meet again, dear friend,
I'll sing this sweet refrain,
“May God be with you, keep you safe,
Until we meet again.”

“THE ANGEL OF MERCY.”

I LAY on my bed, sad and lonely,
And feeling so weak and so ill,
When an angel appeared in the doorway;
My troubled heart grew calm and still.

She spoke in soft accents so tender,
And soothed me with kind words of cheer;
She smiled upon me, oh, so sweetly,
And made my sad thoughts disappear.

Her voice was to me like sweet music,
Like sunshine her smile seemed to be;
And this Angel of Mercy was laden
With daintiest gifts, all for me.

Dear Mercy, your sweet loving-kindness
Has touched my heart to the core;
As long as life lasts I'll remember
The angel that came to my door.

“HOME TO MOTHER.”

WHEN I review my childhood days,
Or dream of dear “Lang Syne,”
Fond memories of bygone scenes
Around my heart entwine.
Oh, happy days when, side by side,
We played with one another;
But joy fled from my young heart when
I said good-bye to mother.

Since then, ah me! my heart has oft
Of sorrow known and care,
While in my life a void has been,
And oft-times dark despair.
How sweet the sympathy and love
That binds us to each other,
But oh! my longing heart yearns for
The tender love of mother.

I’ve oft been weary of the strife,
When everything seemed drear;
Oh, what is home, and what is life,
Without you, mother dear?

Ah, naught on earth can fill the void
Within my heart, no other
Can take the sacred, hallowed place
Of my dear sainted mother.

Dear mother, in thy heavenly home,
How sweet thy peace and rest;
My beacon thou, to guide me to
The Mansions of the Blest.
When God shall call me home, and I
Must part with sister, brother,
Oh, grudge me not the hour of joy
That takes me home to mother.

MY ANGEL CHILD.

FOUR years since we in sorrow laid
Our little one to rest;
Four years since my wee blossom sweet
Was taken from my breast.
Ah! many tears I've shed since then,
My heart for her has cried;
The world to me seemed dark and drear
When my sweet floweret died.

We loved the music of her voice,
The sunshine of her smile;
God loaned me this sweet angel child
Just for a little while.
And when we laid her 'neath the sod
My grief I could not quell;
But now my hope is stayed on Him
Who doeth all things well.

Now comfort to my heart has come,
My troubled soul is still;
He knoweth best, and I am now
Submissive to His will.

I'll follow in the footsteps where
My little one has trod;
Her tiny hand now beckons me
Up to the throne of God.

To heaven, where now my treasure is,
In Jesus' arms she lies;
My little lamb's safe in the fold
Up there beyond the skies,
I would not call her back, ah! no,
From Jesus and His love;
Some day I'll meet my angel child
In those bright realms above.

“TO WIN ONE SOUL FOR JESUS.”

OH, when I think of Jesus,
And all His wondrous love,
Of how He suffered, how He died,
And left His home above,
I feel the debt I owe Him
For all His love to me.
O Lord, 'tis now my heart's desire
To win one soul for Thee.

To win one soul for Jesus,
Oh, what a joy 'twould be,
To bring one weary wanderer
To find sweet rest in Thee.

Sweet rest I found in Jesus
From sorrow and from care;
Ah! oftentimes my burden
Seemed more than I could bear.
But Jesus, in compassion,
My burden bore for me.
Lord, 'tis my prayer, my heart's desire,
To win one soul for Thee.

To win one soul for Jesus,
Oh, what a joy 'twould be,
To bring one weary wanderer
To find sweet rest in Thee.

Now that I'm thine, O Jesus,
And Thou, O Lord, art mine,
I long to bring one famished soul
To taste Thy love divine;
To bring this joy to others
My aim in life shall be.
Oh, grant me this, my heart's desire,
To win one soul for Thee.

To win one soul for Jesus,
Oh, what a joy 'twould be,
To bring one weary wanderer
To find sweet rest in Thee.

"A GENTLE MOTHER, A LOVING
FRIEND."

O God, we bow before Thy will,
Thou knowest what for us is best;
Oh, calm our troubled souls until
We too shall find our heavenly rest.

We would not call her back again,
For see how peacefully she lies;
Her soul, now free from care and pain,
Has reached those realms beyond the skies.

Then why should we in sorrow weep?
When she is safe in mansions blest;
He giveth His beloved sleep—
Oh, grudge her not that peaceful rest.

Dear, gentle mother, loving friend,
Without thee life seems dark and drear;
May God, who called thee home, now send
His peace to us, who sojourn here.

We'll keep thy grave and mem'ry green;
 'Twill be a joy to us so dear
To know that, while by us unseen,
 Thy spirit oft will hover near.

E'en though the stream of death divide
 Us from thee, mother, and thy love,
Thou art our beacon still, to guide
 Us to our heavenly home above.

We would not call thee back, ah! no,
 To this sad world of grief and pain;
Sleep, sweetly sleep, 'tis joy to know
 On yonder shore we'll meet again.

MEMORIES.

THE sun sinks in the golden West,
And softly falls the evening dew,
While o'er me steals sweet peace and rest,
My thoughts are wand'ring, love, to you.
The pain of parting now is o'er,
But still in dreams you come to me.
Though we may meet, ah! nevermore,
You ever live in memory.

Where'er I roam, by land or sea,
Though oceans roll between us two,
You in my heart enshrined will be,
I only live, my love, for you.
Though fate decreed that we should part,
We'll cherish mem'ries of the past;
Till death, my love, you have my heart,
We'll hope with joy to meet at last.

GOOD-BYE TO THEE, BELOVED.

GOOD-BYE to thee, good-bye, beloved,
Thy last fond words to me;
And still I'm waiting, longing, dear,
To hear once more from thee.
In dreams I see thee, darling,
The waking brings but pain,
In every strain of music sweet
I hear thy voice again.

And when I hear the dear old songs
Thou used to sing to me,
I fancy thou art calling me,
And fain would go to thee.
Once through the mist of years
Shone rays of bright sunshine,
To thee revealing my fond heart,
To me revealing thine.

The sunshine's gone, and hope has fled,
Now, ere I go to rest,
A prayer I breathe, and fondly gaze
Far to the golden West.
Oh! life is swiftly fleeting,
The joys of heaven are nigh;
Oh! meet me there, beloved—
Till then good-bye, good-bye.

“WEE BABY JEAN.”

DEAR wee dainty baby Jean,
On your mother's knee,
Like a little fairy dear,
Happy as can be.

Sweet as the tiny rosebud
On the parent stem,
Your eyes like sparkling dewdrops,
Bright as costly gem.

Innocent wee baby Jean,
Free from every guile;
Like a ray of sunshine sweet
Is your dear wee smile.

Bright as a little sunbeam
Straight from heaven above,
Nestling in your mother's arms,
Sheltered by her love.

Dear wee darling baby Jean,
Dear wee cherub fair,
Tender little blossom sweet,
Tiny floweret rare.

Oh, we love you, baby Jean,
Light and joy of home;
May God bless and keep you safe
Through the years to come.

“COMMIT THY WAY UNTO THE LORD.”

(Written when depressed and full of fears as to the advisability of undertaking a long journey.)

COMMIT thy way unto the Lord,
And banish all thy doubts and fears,
Still trust in Him, forever trust,
Thy Lord will guard, as in past years.
Lord, I to Thee commit my way,
My soul is cheered, I need not fear;
Now joyfully I'll journey on,
Whate'er betide, my Lord is near.

Commit thy way unto the Lord,
He knoweth what is best for thee;
Through dang'rous ways thy Lord will guide,
He in dark hours thy light will be.
Lord, I to Thee commit my way,
Submissive to Thy will I'll be;
Teach me, O Lord, teach me Thy way,
The way that leads to heaven and Thee.

Commit thy way unto the Lord,
He knoweth all thy grief and care,
He knows the yearning of thy soul;
Have faith, thy Lord will answer prayer.
Lord, I to Thee commit my way,
Oh, fill my heart with faith and love;
Lord, I will trust Thee every day,
Until I reach my home above.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND,

M. L. J.

OH! the loveliest home stands on fair Broadview,
Amid scenes of beauty, so bright, ever new,
In a spot no sweeter on this earth could be;
And there lives a friend who is so dear to me.

She's always so dainty, so trim, and so neat,
From the crown of her head right down to her
feet;
Her smile is so winning, her step full of grace,
And "lady" is stamped on her sweet, tranquil
face.

She's modest and kind, and so tender and true,
"As good as she's bonnie," as gentle as dew;
Her brow is so placid, so calm and serene
Oh, she's fit to adorn the throne of a queen.

We've lived near each other for many a year,
And as time passes by she grows but more dear.
May God's richest blessings forever descend
On her who I trust will through life be my friend.

TO ROBERT.

LAST night I dreamed that after years
 You came to me again,
And kissed away my sad, sad tears,
 My heart forgot its pain.
For you, dear, oft in vain I'd cried,
 Now you were come to me;
My yearning soul was satisfied,
 In heaven I seemed to be.

To-day I wake to bitter pain,
 Ah me! we're still apart.
My heart is crying, dear, again,
 Alas! my heart, my heart.
I'm weary, weary, waiting here,
 My soul would fain be free;
I'm calling you; oh, listen, dear,
 Oh, come once more to me.

MEM'RIES OF THEE.

MEM'RIES of thee, dear, fill my heart,
And oft my sad tears flow;
'Twas bitter pain from thee to part,
Dear love, I loved thee so.
My soul has yearned these weary years
To see thy face once more.
Oh! come, my love, and still my fears,
Come, ere life's dream be o'er.

Oh, would that I could ever dream,
For then I see thee, dear,
And oft in waking hours I seem
To feel thy spirit near.
Without thee, dear, life is but pain,
My soul for heaven sighs;
Oh, come to me but once again
Ere death's mist dims my eyes.

TO A SMILING PICTURE OF LORD
KITCHENER.

THEY say you ne'er smile, are grim and austere,
That your eyes are cold, steely blue;
But, ah! when I scan your picture, I know
What they say is unkind to you.
For beaming on me is a radiant face,
With a smile no sweeter could be;
I care not how grim to others you are
So long as you smile upon me.

They say you are haughty, cold, and care not
For love or for ladies fair;
Maybe 'twas your fate to have loved and lost,
I'll never believe you don't care;
I'm sure in your heart there's a tender spot
If we were permitted to see;
I care not how cold to others you are,
So long as you smile upon me.

I know you are fearless, noble and brave,
The man in the right place are you,
Devoting your life to duty's stern call,
To your King and your Country true.
All honor to you, then, dear, dauntless heart,
Who faithful to death will aye be;
Your picture I prize, and it hangs just where
You will always smile upon me.

A DAY DREAM.

I'M dreaming to-day, I'm dreaming,
Of my dear native land,
And in my dreams I see again
The mountains tow'ring grand.
I see the purple heather hills,
The rocks, the sea and shore,
The silvery sands where oft I've strayed
In happy days of yore.

I see the bonnie glades and glens,
I hear the murm'ring streams;
My thoughts are ever wand'ring to
The dear land of my dreams.

I see the brier and dear wee burn,
The hawthorn and bluebell,
I hear the lark and lintie sing
Their songs I loved so well.
Still dear to me each bird and flower,
Still dear those hills and streams,
Oh, would that I could see once more
The dear land of my dreams.

I see the bonnie glades and glens,
I hear the murm'ring streams;
My thoughts are ever wand'ring to
The dear land of my dreams.

"ONLY A WEE BUNCH OF HEATHER."

On receiving a bunch of heather from a friend.

'Tis only a wee bunch of heather
From my native land o'er the sea,
But fondly this sweet gift I treasure
That comes from a loved one to me.
Sweet mem'ries it brings of my homeland,
From which I was destined to part;
My thoughts wander far o'er the ocean,
And tears from my longing eyes start.

'Tis years since I left thee, dear Scotia,
And sailed to fair Canada's shore;
Shall I ne'er again tread the heather
Or gaze on thy beauties no more?
I sigh for a glimpse of Loch Lomond,
The mountains and swift rushing streams,
The dear scenes of bright, happy childhood
That oft-times I see in my dreams.

I long for the sweet hawthorn blossom,
The brier and the bonnie bluebell,
The song of the lark and the mavis,
The sweet birds I loved, oh! so well.
It cannot be that I have parted,
Forever, dear Scotia, with thee;
It may be some day I shall wander
To homeland, far over the sea.

TO MY FRIEND,

H. C. C.

OH, I possess a priceless gift,
A true and faithful friend,
The dearest blessing, greatest boon,
That heaven to me could send.
He's been my friend since youthful days,
And changes not with time;
He's one of nature's noblemen,
Is this dear friend of mine.

He's one of dear Auld Scotia's sons,
His heart is free from guile;
Of noble mien, kind, soft brown eyes,
And winning is his smile.
Oh, we are bound by many ties,
And mem'ries o' lang syne;
For ever in my heart enshrined
Is this dear friend of mine.

Through life he's been aye true to me,
In every varied scene,
Oft cheering me with kindly words
When sad my heart has been.
May fortune smile on you, my friend,
May every joy be thine;
God bless you with his richest gifts,
Dear, faithful friend of mine.

“TO GRACIE.”

MY dear, my dainty Gracie,
Is aye sae neat and trim,
Aye sparkling like a dewdrop,
Aye full of life and vim.
And aye sae bright and cheery,
Oh, winsome is her smile,
Just like a humming birdie,
So dainty is her style.

So sweet, so kind and gentle,
Her heart, I know, is true;
Sincerity and candor
Shine in her eyes of blue.
And when I go to see her,
She greets me with a smile;
Oh, like a ray of sunshine
My heart she does beguile.

Smile on, dear, dainty Gracie,
Be happy while you may,
And gather all life's flowers,
For soon they fade away.
Oh, may you ne'er know sorrow,
No tears e'er dim your eye,
A sweet dream may your life be,
Ne'er waking, dear, to sigh.

I'M WEARY, WEARY.

I'm weary, weary of the strife,
I long to be at rest;
What joy 'twill be to lay my head
Upon my Saviour's breast.
What joy to know I'm welcome there,
To know He understands;
Oh, let me be content to leave
All in His loving hands.

He knows the yearnings of my soul
For those dear ones I love;
Blest hope, we'll know each other when
We reach the land above.
Then mists shall fall from blinded eyes,
Clear will our vision be;
All that seems dark will be revealed
When from earth's bonds we're free.

Oh, then we'll know the height and depth
And glory of God's love;
My soul, thou shalt be satisfied
In that bright realm above.
For sorrow will be turned to joy,
Dark clouds shall pass away;
Oh, may we meet in that bright land
Of everlasting day.

“THE SUMMER HAS COME.”

THE Summer has come, the swallows are here,
The hum of the bee now falls on my ear;
The wee birds are flitting from tree to tree,
Singing, I fancy, their sweet songs to me.

I sit 'neath the shade of the leafy trees,
My brow is fanned by the soft, balmy breeze,
The air is full of the perfume of flowers;
How sweet seems life's dream, these bright sunny
hours.

Enraptured I gaze into the blue sky,
My thoughts are of heaven and its mystery.
Nature is smiling and all things in tune;
Alas! that Summer should leave us so soon.

Stay with us, Summer; why should you depart?
Sunshine and gladness you bring to my heart.
The Winter I dread, so gloomy and drear;
Stay with us, Summer, oh, stay with us here.

“AUTUMN.”

THE Autumn winds are sighing,
The leaves are falling fast,
The flowers, alas! are dying,
The Summer it is past.
The birds have fled; no more I hear
Their sweet, melodious song;
Without their notes my heart to cheer,
The day seems sad and long.

No more I sit in leafy bowers,
Or under shady trees,
No more the perfume of the flowers
Is wafted on the breeze.
No more I hear at dawn of day
The robin's full notes ring,
To other climes he winged away
His song of joy to sing.

The trees will soon stand gaunt and bare,
Their dead leaves strew the ground;
The scene is changing, everywhere
Decay is seen around.
No pleasure here without alloy,
Earth's flowers bloom but a day;
Oh, let us strive for heavenly joy
That never fades away.

“A WINTER DAY’S REVERIE.”

I SIT by my window watching
The beautiful snowflakes fall ;
Earth sleeps ’neath her pure white mantle,
Awaiting the Spring’s glad call.

I grieved when the flowers were dying,
I mourned when Nature seemed dead ;
’Tis joy to know she’s but sleeping,
But resting in snowy bed.

When bright rays of glorious sunshine
Wake earth at dawning of Spring,
Then clothed in her vernal grandeur,
All Nature with joy shall sing.

And so ’tis with us poor mortals,
When life’s brief journey is o’er,
And friends stand around us weeping,
When we, alas ! are no more.

What joy to know we're but sleeping
Till bright resurrection morn,
When we shall awake in glory,
To immortal life be born.

Then, robed in celestial beauty,
We'll live in the light of God's love,
And join the song of the angels
In radiant realms above.

'TIS SPRING.

MY heart is glad, 'tis Spring, 'tis Spring,
Once more I hear the robin sing;
The dreary Winter now is past,
And gentle Spring has come at last.

The crocus peeps from bed of mold,
I love to watch the leaves unfold;
I hear again the gentle dove
Croon to his mate his song of love.

Ere yet the blossom's on the tree
The birds are singing songs of glee;
Of joys to come they seem to tell;
Sweet little birds, I love you well.

Oh! what a transformation scene,
When nature dons her robes of green;
All my sad, gloomy thoughts depart,
Hope reigns supreme within my heart.

All nature sings, Rejoice! rejoice!
Oh, let us join with heart and voice,
With songs of praise our tongues employ
To God, the Source of all our joy.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

"Rest in Peace."

CALLED from our midst, in prime of life,
Our friend and neighbor many years;
Gone from this world of care and strife,
Gone from this weary vale of tears.

Sincerely we his loss deplore,
And mourn his sad, untimely end;
But we will hope, on yonder shore,
To meet our dear, departed friend.

We'll miss his happy, genial smile,
His pleasant greetings day by day;
We scarce can realize, meanwhile,
That he from us has gone away.

We'll miss the warm clasp of his hand,
And miss his kindly words of cheer.
Ah! he has joined that glorious band,
While we are left in sorrow here.

Now he has reached his journey's end,
Reached those bright realms by us unseen.
Farewell, farewell, dear, kindly friend,
We'll keep your grave and memory green.

“PARTING.”

OH! sad was my heart when parting with you,
 dear,
 How cruel the thought we might ne'er meet
 again;
Tears blinded our eyes when we said good-bye,
 dear;
 Ah! sad was the hour that parted us twain.

I'm far from you now, but fondly I'll cherish
 Sweet mem'ries of all the dear days of the
 past;
And though now for us the sky is o'ercast, dear,
 The sun will shine through the dark clouds at
 last.

Though distance divides, in spirit I'm near you;
 Ah! you are forever enshrined in my heart,
And though fate decreed that we now should
 sever,
 Some day we shall meet, and never more part.

“THE SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.”

I've joined the glorious ranks of the soldiers of
the cross.

My soul is transported with joy;
My Saviour I am Thine, Thy wondrous love
divine
Brought me the peace without alloy.

Oh, would that all could know this sweet peace
that now is mine,
What joy to burdened souls 'twould bring;
Could they but say with me that Christ had set
them free,
What songs of joy through earth would ring!

The tempter will assail, but my Lord will be my
guard,
So still in triumph I will sing;
Strong in my Saviour's grace I every foe can face,
And loyal be to God my King.

When weary of the strife, and the battle rages
long,
New strength I will need for the fray;
My Lord will strength provide if I in Him con-
fide,
And daily at His footstool pray.

If faithful I have been, and at last the conflict's
o'er,
When I have laid my armor down,
My Lord will say, Well done; thou hast the vic-
tory won,
And thou shalt wear the victor's crown.

Then I shall find my rest, where for me in man-
sions blest
My Saviour has prepared a place;
I'll know in realms above the fulness of His love,
And see my Saviour face to face.

“TO MARY.”

MY Mary, tender, kind and true,
Though we are far apart,
Ah! oftentimes I think of you
And bless your loving heart.
When I am sad and sorrowful,
And weary, worn with care,
You never fail me, Mary dear,
But all my sorrows share.

A soothing balm your loving words,
My troubled soul grows still;
Ah! Mary, your place in my heart
No other one could fill.
When sickness overtakes me, dear,
And lonely here I lie,
My Mary, then I long for you,
For Mary then I cry.

To hear the soft tone of your voice,
Oh, but to hear it now;
To feel the soft touch of your hand
Upon my fevered brow.
Oh, in that closing scene, when I
To earth shall say good-bye,
Heaven grant me this, the boon I crave,
That Mary may be nigh.

“FAREWELL TO SEA GIRL.”

FAREWELL to thee, dear Sea Girt Shore,
Shall I behold thee evermore?
To silvery sands and sounding sea
Farewell, a fond farewell to thee.

Farewell to happy, restful days,
To joyous birds and tuneful lays,
To beauties rare by land and sea,
Which seemed like glimpse of heaven to me.

Dear sunny Sea Girt, richly blest,
Sweet spot for weary souls to rest,
Far from the city's toil and care—
Would I could spend my life's dream there.

In fancy, when I'm far away,
By thy dear shore I'll oft-times stray,
And hear the music of the sea
When I am many miles from thee.

I loved to hear the wild waves roar,
And watch them break upon the shore;
My childhood days returned to me
While gath'ring shells down by the sea.

The days I spent by thy dear shore
Will be remembered evermore,
And in my mem'ry cherished be,
Till I return again to thee.

A HEART'S PRAYER.

I'M far from my dear native land,
And from my kindred dear,
And oftentimes my longing eyes
Will glisten with a tear.
Why should I sigh? My home is here,
And 'tis my greatest treasure;
I have in you, dear, faithful friend,
A blessing beyond measure.

Then what more could I wish for,
The while I sojourn here?
For life could have no greater joys
Than home and friends sincere.
And we've been friends, aye friends indeed,
For many a happy year.
A desert drear this world would be
Without your friendship dear.

So, sharing joy and sorrow, friend,
We'll travel on life's way,
Aye comforting and cheering
Each other day by day.
Oh, may no winter chill our hearts,
As life we journey through;
God send you every blessing, friend,
Is my heart's prayer for you.

TO A FRIEND.

A BRIGHT, bonnie place is sweet Riverdale,
And dear it has grown to me;
I love every nook, every hill and vale,
I love every shrub and tree.
A beautiful mansion stands on Broadview,
Basking in sweetest sunshine,
'Mid scenes enchanting, a joy ever new,
And there lives a friend of mine.

In her beautiful home she reigns as queen,
And rules with sceptre of love;
Her brow is unruffled, calm and serene,
Her nature sweet as the dove.
I know her dear heart is tender and true,
Brightly her eyes ever shine;
Her manner is charming; ah, there are few
To me like this friend of mine.

To what shall I liken her radiant smile
But to a morning in June;
The bird from the tree her voice could beguile,
'Tis soft and sweetly in tune.
May life be for thee a sweet, pleasant dream,
Dearest of joys e'er be thine;
May kind fortune's smile on thee ever beam,
God bless thee, dear friend of mine.

"ON THE DEATH OF A BABY."

FAREWELL to thee, sweet little flower,
We've laid thee 'neath the sod;
The frost of life has withered thee,
Thou hast returned to God.

On earth thy span of life was brief,
Dear, fragile little flower;
Thy mother's heart was rent with grief
That sad, sad parting hour.

Dear little lamb, sweet is thy rest
In Jesus' loving arms;
Now thou art safe, on His dear breast,
From all life's dread alarms.

In heaven thou art a shining light
To guide us to our home,
One of the precious jewels bright
Set in our Saviour's crown.

“MY PRAYER.”

To whom, dear Father, can I go,
To whom for refuge flee?
My every sorrow Thou dost know,
And so I come to Thee.

My only refuge, Lord, Thou art,
In life's dark, troubled sea;
When sorrows sore oppress my heart
Do Thou my comfort be.

Thy loving-kindness all through life
Is of my strength the tower;
In every trial 'midst the strife,
I feel Thy guiding power.

From every danger, every snare,
Thou hast protected me;
Henceforth my life shall be a prayer
Of gratitude to Thee.

And if, O Lord, there be for me
More trials yet in store,
They'll bind me closer still to Thee,
And make me love Thee more.

Still guard me, Lord, still be my guide,
I need Thee every day;
I need not fear, whate'er betide,
If Thou but be my stay.

O give me faith to trust Thee more,
Lord, fill me with Thy love,
And take me, when life's journey's o'er,
To dwell with Thee above.

“THE GLORY OF HEAVEN.”

No more sorrow,
No more pain,
No night or to-morrow,
Eternal day shall reign.

No more trials,
No more tears;
Oh, blessed assurance,
Dispelling all my fears.

No more striving
For earthly joy;
The glory of heaven
Is pure without alloy.

No more hungering
For earthly love;
My soul shall be satisfied
With peace and joy above.

“TO MAGGIE.”

MAGGIE, my darling, far away,
Oh, how I miss you, dear;
I long to see your face again,
And wish that you were near.
I long to see your dear, bright smile,
To look into your eyes;
When shall we ever meet again?
My lone heart for you cries.

So oft I think of those bright days
We wandered side by side;
My Maggie, how I loved you then,
You were my joy and pride.
But now you're far away from me,
And lonely here I sigh;
But still I fondly love you, dear,
My love can never die.

The dreary Winter's coming, dear,
The icy north winds blow,
But Summer's sun will shine again
And melt the Winter's snow.
So hope springs up within my heart,
Dispelling all the gloom,
For I may meet my Maggie dear
Ere Summer flowers bloom.

“BONNIE RIVERDALE.”

'Tis years since I left Scotia's shore
And sailed across the sea;
I left the land that I adore,
Dear Canada, for thee.
Still, dear homeland, I'm true to thee,
I love each hill and vale;
But there's a spot so dear to me
In Bonnie Riverdale.

Oh! there the sun so brightly shines,
And sweetest flowers grow;
There, 'neath the trees and shady vines,
The softest breezes blow.
And there the birds sing all day long
In leafy wood and vale;
They seem to sing their sweetest song
In Bonnie Riverdale.

Though I in other climes may rove,
By land and sea may roam,
Still Riverdale holds those I love,
And my dear home, sweet home.
Though oft I sigh for mount and stream,
For heather hill and vale,
I'll be content to spend life's dream
In Bonnie Riverdale.

“TO BABY JACK.”

WHEN first I saw thee, baby Jack,
Thou wert a cherub fair;
The dearest little baby boy,
And sweet beyond compare.

Thy cheeks were rosy, and like stars
Thy bright eyes beamed on me;
Around this heart of mine thou twined
Like ivy 'round the tree.

When next I saw thee, baby Jack,
Ah! sad my heart that hour;
It seemed as though a blight had come
Upon a beauteous flower.

Thine eyes still shone as bright and clear,
But wan thy cheek and pale;
Thy tiny little wasted form
Of suffering told a tale.

I gathered thee up in my arms
And heard thy feeble moan.
Ah me! I thought, God soon will take
Our dear wee baby home.

My heart for thee, dear baby Jack,
Went up to God in prayer,
That if it was His holy will
Thy little life He'd spare.

Since then thou seemed to bloom again,
I've seen thee feebly smile;
Oh! pure and innocent thou art,
And free from every guile.

May God restore thee, baby Jack,
And keep thee day by day;
Oh, may thou live to bless His name
And mother's love repay.

I've seen her bending over thee,
Like angel from above;
No love so pure, so tender,
So sweet as mother love.

God guard thee from the ills of life,
The snares on every hand;
God guide thee, baby Jack, at last
Home to the better land.

“MY LASSIE.”

I'm lonely to-night, my darling,
My thoughts are wand'ring to you;
My heart cries for you, my darling,
My lassie, tender and true.
I fancy I see you now, dear,
Recall the first day we met,
When love awoke in my heart, dear,
That day I could ne'er forget.

I'm gazing now on your picture,
Your face so radiant and fair,
Soft, dark eyes of lustrous beauty,
And tresses of wavy hair.
You've gone to those fairer regions,
While I still live on in pain,
Forever longing and yearning
To see your dear face again.

Long years have passed since we parted,
Weary to me seem the years;
But soon we shall meet, my darling,
Beyond this sad vale of tears.
I'm lonely to-night, my darling,
My thoughts are wand'ring to you;
My heart cries for you, my darling,
My lassie tender and true.

“TO WEE OBY.”

WHEN first I saw thee, Oby dear,
Thou seemed like flower so rare,
We called thee “little angel boy,”
So sweet wert thou, and fair.

Thy dimpled cheeks like roses were,
Thy blue eyes brightly shone;
I loved thee so that fain would I
Have claimed thee as my own.

A sunbeam straight from heaven thou came,
To daddy's heart one day;
He took thee as a gift from God
To brighten life's rough way.

Oft in my arms I've fondled thee,
And basked in thy sweet smile,
While thou, with thy dear winning ways
Would oft my heart beguile.

The pride thou art of daddy's heart,
Thy mother's hope and joy ;
I think of thee and long to see
Thee, dear wee angel boy.

Oh, may God be thy guard and guide
Until life's dream be past,
Then take thee, sweet wee Oby dear,
Safe home to heaven at last.

“I NEED YOU SO.”

My darling, leave me not alone,
Oh, say you will not go;
I could not live without you, dear,
For oh, I need you so.

The world would be so dreary, dear,
Without your loving smile;
Your words of courage and of cheer
Make life to me worth while.

It seems but yesterday since we
Were happy girl and boy;
Forever gone, beyond recall,
Those dear bright days of joy.

True comrades we have ever been,
My darling, you and I;
You would not leave me now, sweetheart,
Or say to me goodbye.

We've trod life's path together, dear,
Oft rough the way has been;
But hand in hand we've travelled, dear,
Through every varied scene.

Stay with me yet a little while,
Until God calls me too;
For you are all the world to me,
I only live for you.

Then leave me not in sorrow here,
Oh, say you will not go;
I could not live without you, dear,
For oh, I need you so.

"WHEN SUMMER COMES AGAIN."

THERE'S a spot to me divine,
Where beneath the leafy vine
So oft I sit in happy summer days,
Where the sunshine on me beams
As I muse and dream my dreams,
And listen to the birds' sweet, tuneful lays.

Oh, 'tis sweet among the flowers,
In the bright and sunny hours,
To quaff the fragrant draughts from balmy
breeze;
And my cares are all forgot
In this sweet, sequestered spot,
My garden shaded by the leafy trees.

All the joyous days are past,
Bleak and chill now blows the blast,
Of Summer naught but memories remain.
But dispelled will be the gloom
When the roses are in bloom,
And Summer, sweet, glad Summer, comes again.

A DREAM.

LAST night I was wakeful and restless,
My heart was so heavy with care,
My thoughts wandered over the ocean
To France and my Highland lad there.
Then, in the grey dawn of the morning,
I slumbered, and dreamed a strange dream,
I thought I was in a large building
That stood by a dark, rushing stream.

And toward me I saw my lad coming,
With wide, outstretched arms and glad cry.
He called me by name, and said sadly,
“I’ve come, dear, to bid you good-bye.”
He looked, oh! so pale and so weary,
And leaned his dear head on my breast.
I kissed him and stroked his hair fondly,
With tender words soothed him to rest.

And then in a moment he vanished;
I woke to a dull, bitter pain.
Oh, can it be that I shall never
See my bonnie laddie again?
Oh, does my dream mean I have lost him,
That no more my heart will be glad?
Now through the dark days I am waiting
For news of my dear Highland lad.

“THE MANSION NEXT DOOR.”

OH, what a blessing it is to possess
A dear, kind neighbor and friend;
'Tis one of the greatest blessings, I'm sure,
That heaven to us could send.
To live side by side for many long years,
Each day be more dear than before;
The best friends and neighbors that we ever had
Live in the fine mansion next door.

When days have been dreary and dark seemed
the way,
They've cheered us with kind word and smile.
Oh, what would the world be without a true
friend?
'Tis friendship that makes life worth while.
In shadow or sunshine they're ever the same,
I know they are true to the core;
May God's richest blessings be showered on our
friends
Who live in the mansion next door.

That friendship's the noblest pleasure in life,
A sentiment is oh, so true;
'Tis like the green spot in the desert so drear,
A gladness it is ever new.
Oh, what joy it will be, if up there at last,
We meet on the heavenly shore,
These dear, faithful friends and neighbors of
ours
Who live in the mansion next door.

"FAREWELL TO SUMMER."

FAREWELL to Summer's happy days,
To leafy trees and bowers,
Farewell to birds' sweet, tuneful lays,
To gentle breeze and flowers.
Though for awhile these joys depart,
Sweet mem'ries will remain,
And cherished be within my heart
Till Summer comes again.

WAITING FOR THE SPRING.

OH, haste thee, Spring, dear gentle Spring,
Oh, tarry not so long;
Oh, come again, sweet little birds,
And cheer me with your song;
My heart is sad, I long to hear
The robin's full notes ring;
I'm weary, weary waiting,
Waiting for the Spring.

I long to see the trees again
Clad in their robes of green;
I long to wake at morn and view
Earth's transformation scene.
The Winter's drear, and to my heart
Does naught but sadness bring,
I'm weary, weary waiting,
Waiting for the Spring.

I'm longing for the fresh Spring flowers,
And for the gentle breeze;
I long to see the blossoms sweet
Adorn the apple trees.
Sweet Nature wake, oh, sleep no more,
Joy to my sad heart bring,
I'm weary, weary waiting,
Waiting for the Spring.

TO MY BROTHER.

On receiving the sad news of his death.

THE sad, sad news has reached me,
From far across the sea,
That I ne'er more, dear brother,
On earth thy face shall see.
And I am crushed with sorrow,
My heart is full of pain,
For I had hoped so fondly
To greet thee once again.

'Tis long years since I parted
From thee and dear homeland;
So oft I've yearned to see thee
And clasp again thy hand.
But since thy suffering's over,
I'll grudge thee not thy rest;
The will 'tis of our Father—
He knoweth what is best.

Farewell—but not for ever.
Thou canst not come to me;
But some day, my loved brother,
With joy I'll go to thee.
Up there in heaven I'll meet thee,
With dear ones gone before,
And thou wilt give me welcome
When I reach the golden shore.

PS Watson, Isabella B
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